

# The LURE of PERIL

## The Making of the Social Lion

By Capt. Fritz Duquesne.

The lure of peril has such a fascination for the average specimen of the genus homo that anyone who has graduated from any school of dangers has conferred upon him or her a great many desirable social distinctions, beside the pleasant newspaper notoriety that most people with social aspirations seek. Many society people, in Europe, who have neither the courage nor the physique to do great deeds of valor have, nevertheless, the desire for the honor even if not according to strict rules of honesty.

Naturally, Africa, with its vast amount of wild and dangerous game, its large number of savages, and its proximity to Europe, offers great attractions to the individual of adventurous inclinations, real or feigned.

Everyone who has hunted big game in Africa knows that he is gambling with death and has not more than half a chance of winning. Nevertheless the most wealthy title bearer of Europe can go into the wilds of Africa and be a successful big game hunter. It must be true for the camera says so, and there must be a reason. For a short time I was associated with the reason. It was purely a commercial proposition, and the birds of high degree were charged heavily for a rating as heroes.

Some travelers who accompanied and hunted in Africa during the time Colonel Ross was on safari, hinted on their return to the United States that the hunting of the lion was made wonderfully easy, and explained their own lack of game in comparison with his shoot by making such indecent aspersions as: "We never hunted doped game." "Our game was not prepared." "Things weren't fixed for us." These were expressions of jealousy if nothing more. As a matter of fact Colonel Ross was a real man, not an exhibitionist. His worst enemy could not honestly accuse him of such a paltry deception, or hunting doped game. He is too good a hunter to need taking to help him. He would not hag his game like a sportsman. He would let it go. Anyone who hunted with him in Africa knows this to be the truth.

Naturally, the great quarry of the world is the lion. The lion is the lion, who notwithstanding the disparaging remarks of some hunters who profess to have met him, is still the king of beasts. How can an inexperienced person always make sure of getting a lion or any other dangerous animal? There are tricks in every trade, even lion hunting, and the trick of making sure of shooting his prey, too, is to give him a good dose of morphine, or other drug, beforehand.

### Drugging Leo.

The method of drugging is simple. In a district infested by lions, an antelope is shot, preferably one of the smaller species, which a lion can completely devour. The pump of the animal is opened and the drug is smeared on the flesh, then the body is left on the veldt with a Kaffir watching it. The lion or lions in the district, getting a scent of the dead animal, come to feast on it, but the Kaffir, by making a noise or keeping a small fire burning in the vicinity of the carcass, keeps the lions off until the early morning, so that they will not eat the drugged flesh too early, thus giving its effects an opportunity to work off before daylight, when the hunt begins.

To make a successful animal drugging one must have some knowledge of veterinary science and the action of drugs. Different effects are obtained by the use of different drugs and compositions. Strichnine, for instance, in a certain quantity, will paralyze the hind quarters of an animal, making it incapable of walking for several hours. Chloral benzol and puts to sleep. Indian hemp paralyzes the nerve centers temporarily; morphine and atropine a composition commonly used in the preparation of tea to use, makes the animal stronger, but still leaves it with enough energy to make an attempt to move.

Gramineous animals, not being so dangerous, naturally do not require drugging. Nevertheless, in districts where they are very many, they are caught when young and kept until some fatted or wealthy personage goes a-hunting and is willing to pay for the privilege. Even these animals are given an injection of morphine before they are let out of their pens. To my knowledge, this practice has been carried to an extent that would hardly be credited, and some big bags that have been the boast of hunters of elongated lineage have been procured in this way. The man who conducts these expeditions has an agent in London. Naturally, the successful hunt brings many customers, and there is always a guarantee against disappointment when drugs are used. The success is skilfully proportioned to the size of the check paid for the sport. It is, therefore, easy to see that it pays to keep preserves to supply the trade.

I first became acquainted with the sport by coming in contact with its originator on the East African coastwise steamship "Kaiser," of the Deutsche Ost Afrika Line, which carries the Kaiser and the German Indian Ocean up and down that part of the world between Durban and Suez. Jack, for that was his first name, needed help badly, for he had just buried his partner in Durban and was returning from his funeral.

"Old man," he said, "I'm in a fix. I've got to take care of an English hunting party, both whiskers and smooths, and I can't do it all alone. Come and help me out. It will be a new experience and great fun." I consented. A couple of days later the boat landed us at Chinde and then we traveled down the Mozambique coast to Leveret and went inland to Samatane, where Jack had his menagerie and museum of live and stuffed animals, which were stage properties of many a thrilling hunt. A few days after our arrival a party of English men and women

came in dressed in khaki, with white puggies, accompanied by their valets and maids and a caravan of natives. They were soon in comfortable quarters and preparation was made at once for the hunt.

About two miles and a half back of the place was a fine stretch of romantic, mysterious jungle. Jack took me to this resort, the stage of the hunt, with a troupe of Kaffirs, who were to be the stage hands and supernumeraries. It was not long before a buck sprang from the grass and was shot. Lions were plentiful in the district and the dead antelope was a certain lure. We rubbed strichnine into the dead buck and left it in charge of a Kaffir.

That night we heard the lion in the district roaring, much to the satisfaction of the English tourists. About 3 A. M., when everyone was asleep, the Kaffirs came, soft-footed, through the long grass, and lifting up the mosquito curtains, caused everybody and told them it was time to dress. With wide yawns and much grumbling and protests, the party was at last dressed. Coffee was brought and some buffalo steak sandwiches made a very acceptable breakfast. Then, heavily armed, and accompanied by an escort of order Kaffirs, we started into the forest, Jack leading the way. He gauged the time correctly, for just as the first flash of dawn, rosy touched the tree tops, we came into view of the ground where we had shot the antelope the day preceding.

At that moment, startled by the noise, the huge, lanky head of the lion rose above the grass, not twenty yards away, and Beddesford, raising his gun nervously, fired twice in rapid succession. The lion, whose hind quarters had been paralyzed by the strichnine, could not move. Although Beddesford missed, the brute could only gnash his teeth and roar in helpless anger. Smythe, who was ready with his gun, fired both barrels of his express at once with a kick that sent him sprawling, but the bullet went home and the heavy head of the lion sunk to the ground.

When we were sure that the animal was dead, we all stood around it. Then the important part of the hunt took place. Jack called up his Kaffir camera carrier, and posed the party of amateur hunters behind the dead animal, took their photographs. Then each was taken separately, and from a different point so that the photograph would have a different background and look like another lion. After some dozen photographs were taken, the lion was trussed up on a bamboo pole and we returned to headquarters. That night letters were written by the members of the English party to their friends in all parts of the world, telling of the wonderful and dangerous adventure with a lion.

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Beddesford, Raising His Gun Nervously, Fired Twice in Rapid Succession.

### A Lion Near.

The Kaffir we left with it joined us and spoke to Jack, who turned and faced the caravan, holding up both hands as a sign to halt. He then called a mounted hunter and held a conversation in excited but suppressed tones. A tremble ran through the party and their faces whitened with the strain of anticipation, for the word was quickly passed that a lion was near. Before the game was within shooting distance, everyone wanted to have the first shot, but now that it was probable that we would secure a lion at any moment there was no visible anxiety to be the first to approach him.

A tall man with a monocle said: "Smythe, old fellow, you better take the first shot. You're a better shot than I, ye know."

"No, Beddesford, ye know, you ought to lead off, ye know. You're such a dashed sportsman, old chap."

"Well," answered Beddesford, "ye know I'm rather off in my shooting, don't ye know, and we oughtn't to lose our first blooming lion."

So the talk ran while the caravan waited for the exhalation of the courtesies. And then Beddesford, adjusting his monocle, set off in the lead with the rest of the party trailing behind. Ten minutes' slow, cautious advance brought us to a dense bush, where Jack was told by the Kaffir that the lion was lying.

On reaching a nice shooting distance, Jack gave a loud cry and pointing to the bush dramatically exclaimed: "There he is now!"

suppressing the waves that agitated his scanty flesh.

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yards, we advanced to the spot where the lion lay.

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former. "Captain," he said in an undertone, "we've shot the wrong lion."

He drew me aside and told me that we must not waste the lion which had been doped and was lying out on the veldt waiting to be shot. Turning to Smythe and Beddesford, he told them that we would leave the dead lion in the hands of the Kaffirs and go forward in search of another. Both the Englishmen, whose nerves were somewhat shaken by the late adventure, thanked Jack very much, but said that they were satisfied with the shooting that they had scored for the day. After some persuasion, however, when they were informed that the lion was sleeping out on the bush, where he would fall an easy prey, they decided to go on.

We had not walked far when Jack held up his hand in warning, and pointed to the lanky form of the lion stretched out under the bush. It was motionless. Beddesford tipped to a good shooting position and fired. The animal never stirred, and Smythe cried with delight: "Good shot, old chap!" and was about to rush forward, when Jack shouted: "Stop! Don't you know it's dangerous to run ahead like that? The lion may be only wounded. I'll go first."

With a great show of courage and caution, his rifle ready for action, Jack stole forward and reached the side of the prostrate beast. Then he drew his hunting knife and drove it to the hilt into the animal.

"Come on, boys," he cried, "he's dead now, all right!"

We ran up to the side of the dead brute, when Jack called out in sudden alarm: "Quick! Get some water; the lion is diseased. I want to wash my hands!"

Then, turning to the Englishmen, he said: "Don't touch it, you might get infected." The Englishmen stood off at a respectful distance. Getting near Jack, I asked: "What's wrong?"

"Why," the blooming beast has been dead more than an hour. He is almost cold, but I couldn't afford to waste it. Had similar cases before. The Kaffir evidently over-doped the antelope meat, which poisoned the lion."

Within a week the news of the hunt was sent to the coast and telegraphed to England, where it was published sensationally in the columns of certain daily papers, and the noble warriours and the honorable Smythe stood high in the ranks of African big game hunters.

In the dry season, Jack had another method of drugging which he used with

equal effect. At this time of the year the pools and water holes in the district, with few exceptions, were dried up. Those supplied by small perennial springs held enough water throughout the year to attract the thirsty animals from the surrounding jungle. A rough estimate of the water in these holes was made, and drugs were put in proportionately to make a solution that would stupefy, without killing the beasts, that came to drink.

### Camped for the Night.

About four miles from headquarters, towards the south, there was an arid patch of veldt. We took a party to within a mile of one of the water holes, and camped for the night.

After pitching our tents, Jack took me to the water hole, around which we found the speer of different animals so fresh that it was evident that the pool had been visited by several in the night before. Jack put in the powdered drug and stirred the water thoroughly to make the solution. Several Kaffir boys were left around the hole to keep the animals off till near daybreak, by fires and torches. About an hour before dawn, the natives came to our tents and awakened us, informing us that as soon as the fires were put out at the water hole, and they had retired some distance, fifteen or twenty animals of various sorts came eagerly to drink.

This was just the news Jack wanted. We had with us a party of four, two English brothers and an American and his son. After a hasty breakfast, we all set out for the water hole. When we came within three hundred yards of the pool, dark shadows forms moved ahead of us on the veldt. We spread out in a line and halted, waiting for the dawn to break, so that we could see to shoot.

After resting twenty minutes the sudden tropical moon revealed a group of animals standing and lying around the spring. Not far from us was a rhinoceros with her calf, which was apparently completely overcome by the drug, lying prostrate, while the mother swayed to and fro over it, partially stupefied. Between these two and the water hole there was a superb buffalo, lying on the ground with the composure of a tame cow in a barnyard. Scattered over the veldt were a number of antelope, koodoo, blesbok, springbok, waterbuck, eland, and wildebeest, and a few zebras, conspicuous with their black and white markings.

Although the animals must have seen us, there was apparently no alarm. Some of them took toward us, merely spreading their ears and blinking in wonderment. Jack gave a signal and the rifles flashed forth a deadly volley. The rhinoceros staggered under the blow of an express bullet, and then made a feeble effort to charge, stumbling over her calf as she advanced. A second bullet reached her heart and she ex-

pired. Emboldened by this success, the young American rushed forward and killed the calf by a hail through its head at close range. The buffalo, which had been grazed by a bullet from the rifle of one of the Englishmen, stood up and belched defiance. It made a staggering charge for a few yards and then almost turned a somersault as his forelegs weakened beneath him, and he plunged headlong, tearing up the ground with his horns. The Englishmen emptied their rifles into his body before he could rise, causing him to roll over on his side lifeless, with blood dripping from his nostrils.

The antelope, scared by the shooting, ambled off unsteadily for a few rods, and then turned to watch us in evident bewilderment. Failing on their knees, the hunters brought down one after another of the stupefied animals; not one of the group about the hole was able to escape. Jack readily accounted for the ease with which the animals were slaughtered by explaining to the remaining hunters that the game in the district were unfamiliar with the sound and effect of firearms, and were rarely hunted by the natives.

When elephants cannot be drawn to a water hole that has been drugged, another method is used to stupefy them. A steel or hard wooden rod, from seven to ten inches in length, and with a diameter corresponding to the bore of the rifle to which it is fitted, is grooved or deeply scored to hold either strichnine or morphine. The drug is made in a paste and pressed into the grooves of the rod, where it is held in place by a coating of gelatine. A bullet is then taken from a cartridge, and a rifle loaded with the blank behind the rod. Half a dozen natives, armed with the charged rifles, set out on the spur of an elephant. As soon as they catch up with the animal, they fire their rifles into its hindquarters. As the rods are sharpened at the ends, they penetrate full length and deeper into the flesh. The gelatine coating is dissolved in the warm blood, releasing the drug, which stupefies the beast. Then a native runner brings word to the camp.

The hunters start in pursuit and the drugged elephant is easy game for their rifles. Not only elephants, but most of the large game that is not carnivorous, I have seen hunted in this way.

### Hippopotamus Difficult to Hunt.

The hippopotamus is very difficult to hunt by means of drugging. In fact, out of half a dozen I saw shot with the drugged rods, not one was stupified. To make sure that the amateur hunter will get his hippo, another means was adopted by my partner.

It is well known that a hippopotamus, immediately upon receiving its death wound, sinks to the bottom of its water hole, where it dies from the effects of the bullet or by drowning. The carcass does not rise to the surface of the water, till, twelve hours, according to the temperature of the water and the contents of the stomach. With this knowledge, the professional caterer to sportsmen sets out himself, as soon as one of his men, to shoot a hippo. As soon as one of the animals is killed, the visitor is taken to the water where the beast was shot and directed to fire on any hippo in sight. The hippo shows only a small target for his bulk, for only the upper part of his head is exposed above the surface of the water when he is swimming.

As soon as the sportsman drea, whether he hits the animal or not, one of the natives will cry "A hit!" and the hunt will end. If by chance he hits what he shot at, the professional with him takes a shot at an imaginary hippo somewhere out of sight and also claims a hit. This is to account for the possible appearance of two sailing hippos next morning when the sportsman is shown the success of his shot.

In view of the extent of the practice of Jack and others, it is not to be wondered at that so many hunters return from the jungle to boast of their shooting, or belittle the danger of hunting in Africa.

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